Vol. I. No. 36.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *July* 18, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONTINUED.)

BY this time the horses had reached the house, which they surrounded; and their riders knocking loudly at the door, demanded immediate admittance: the old man arose, and having hurried on his clothes, opened the door. A party rushed in, whilst the rest remained at their posts. Having struck a light, they began to search the house; some of them ascending into the room where our travellers lodged, found them already dressed, and immediately seized them. Mr. NORTON demanded the reason of this outrage; when one of them answered—"D—n you, you'll know when Jack Ketch gets you into his clutches."—EDWARD would have resented this brutal language, had not Mr. NORTON whispered him to be quiet. One of the men called to those below, saying, "we have got the villains!" Immediately a person came up stairs, who upon entering the room, exclaimed, "Mr. Norton!—These are not the men we seek," said he, addressing his companions. Mr. NORTON soon discovered this person to be a gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and enquired of him what was the occasion of this tumult. The gentleman informed him in a few words, that two robbers had plundered him some time ago; that accidentally meeting and recognizing them yesterday, he had followed them unperceived, until he saw them enter this house, and had now brought a body of armed men to take them. Mr. NORTON in return informed the gentleman of what had befallen himself and EDWARD, and the observations he had made in the house, omitting, however, the figure which they had seen. They all now joined in searching the house, but they could discover nothing that would serve to implicate the inhabitants in the robbery. The three females, during the whole procedure, ran about the house, crying, and making a thousand extravagant and unnatural gestures.

Disappointed in their object, the party prepared to leave the house. As they were going to towards his habitation, and the storm was over, Mr. NORTON agreed to accompany them. Nothing material occurred on the road, and our travellers got safe home about sun-rise. Mr. NORTON retired to bed; but EDWARD immediately sought for William, and enquired what news from the ghost? "I saw it again," Sir, said William, when last evening I visited the wood; "and if I was not firmly convinced of the non-existence of these gentry, I should think it something supernatural; for I gained so much upon it that it was but a few feet before me, when suddenly turning round a large bush of alder and privy, it vanished." EDWARD replied, that he did not in the least doubt but they would make a discovery shortly, that would explain these mysterious appearances; but advised William to pay no more visits to the haunted wood, until they should be furnished with arms. He then informed him of what had happened to Mr. NORTON and himself; after which he repaired to his chamber to refresh himself with sleep, of which he stood in much need, and in a short time was locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

In a few days Mr. NORTON had an opportunity of procuring a quantity of powder and ball, together with two pair of pistols, and several swords. He had lately been prevented from taking his accustomed rides on horseback, by a fear of meeting the robbers; but being now in a condition for defending himself, he resumed his usual exercise, generally accompanied by EDWARD. One morning going out earlier than common, they extended their ride to a large hill, or rather mountain, which lay at a considerable distance, and over which the public road passed. Having gained the summit, they stopped to view the beauties of the surrounding scene. Below their feet, on either side, lay extensive vallies, glistening with dew, over which one part of the hill projected, forming a perpendicular descent of several hundred feet. The deer ran fearlessly along the edge of the precipice, which a human being could not view, even at a distance, without emotions of horror. At an immense distance appeared the Green Mountains, scarcely distinguishable from the azure clouds, that floated on the atmosphere; while two country seats, each built on an eminence, were the only intermediate points the eye had to rest on. The whole prospect was wild and romantic, with but little appearance of cultivation. Such scenes, however, affect the contemplative mind more strongly than level plains, crowned with the most luxuriant herbage, or groaning beneath the pressure of the yellow grain ready for the sickle. Here, lost in admiration, Mr. NORTON and EDWARD sat silently on their horses, who were picking the scanty verdure from the edge of the road; when suddenly a report of fire-arms, awakened them from their reverie. The noise seemed to proceed from but a little distance; and their own recent adventure led them to conclude that some traveller had been assailed by

the same robbers who had plundered them, and they determined to assist him. Proceeding therefore with all possible expedition along the road, which wound among the rocks towards the valley, they soon found their conjecture right; the two robbers were attacking a coach; one of them was combating with a gentleman, by the side, while the other was assailing the coachman and footman. When Mr. NORTON and EDWARD made their appearance, the villains made off. But before they reached the coach, the gentleman, weakened by loss of blood, had fallen on the ground. The two servants, neither of whom were hurt, were busy in applying a pocket handkerchief to the principal wound, which was in his thigh. Mr. NORTON and EDWARD alighted, and the former proceeded to examine the wound; when suddenly a scream of joy, called their attention to the coach;—they turned;—it was Mary Bolton! The feelings of EDWARD may be better imagined than described;—he flew to her; and accosting her with the appellation of "my love," tenderly embraced her. This term did not escape the attention of Mr. NORTON, who, after slightly speaking to Mary, continued his attention to the unfortunate gentleman. It was now determined they should proceed to Mr. NORTON's house; the wounded man with Mary in the coach, Mr. NORTON and EDWARD on horseback, and the servant following. As they went slowly along, Mr. NORTON enquired of Mary how she came to be so far from her father's house, and in company with a stranger? But she desired to be excused from giving him satisfaction until they arrived at his house. EDWARD, as he road silently by the side of the coach, felt his mind torn by a variety of contending passions—love, jealousy, and suspicion, by turns possessed him; he reflected, that his beloved Mary was in the coach with a man whom he had no knowledge of, and he thought for a moment she had changed her affections, and placed them on this unknown stranger; that they would shortly be married, or perhaps were so already:—Grief took possession of his heart, and this was succeeded by rage and indignation against his rival; but these were overcome when he remembered his condition. Again, he would strive to form some plausible conjecture, that might exculpate her; but he could invent no circumstance within the bounds of probability, which satisfied him; and he continued in a maze of uncertainty, until they arrived at Norville, (for so had Mr. NORTON named his estate.) The gentleman was put to bed, and a doctor sent for, who on examining the wound, said it was but trifling, and that in a week or two, he could entirely cure him.

EDWARD having left the house to give some necessary orders about the farm, Mr. NORTON took the opportunity of again requesting from Mary an explanation of present appearances. With this request she now cheerfully complied, and gave him a minute account of every circumstance, which proved perfectly satisfactory, as far as it related to *herself*.

EDWARD restrained his curiosity till the evening, when he desired Mary to accompany him to a little arbour he had erected on the summit of a hill, back of Mr. NORTON's house, and which commanded a view of the whole estate. Here, shaded by the surrounding trees, Mary related to the impatient EDWARD every thing that had occurred to her since their separation. But before she began, she exacted a promise from him, that he would not attempt to revenge any indignities that had been offered her: he gave the promise, tho' with reluctance,—and Mary thus proceeded:

"Soon after you removed to this place, my dear EDWARD, finding that the well-known scenes which we had often viewed together, served only to heighten the grief your absence occasioned, I prevailed on my father to suffer me to visit my aunt, who is married to a gentleman in this state. After I had been there some time, the person who was with me in the coach arrived. In him I found, that a graceful form and genteel address, served only to cover a most depraved heart: Mr. Randall is an Englishman, in possession of a large fortune, and is making a tour through the United States, and having letters of recommendation from a merchant in Philadelphia to my uncle, was cordially received. He soon began to pay me particular attention, which I returned with a cold civility; but this, although it mortified his pride, did not deter him from continuing his devoirs. Still I persevered in the same behaviour towards him, which I have since found, determined him to ruin me. Yesterday he proposed to my aunt to take her and myself in his coach to Windsor, in order to see a great curiosity, which he said was to be exhibited there. My aunt having caught a severe cold, of which circumstance Randall was apprised, declined going herself; but observed, that I could accompany him. Although this was what he wished for, yet he condoled with my aunt on the occasion, declaring he was very much grieved he could not have the honour of her company. After breakfast we set out alone in the coach: he soon began to hint in indirect terms, his passion for me; but not appearing to understand his hints, he told me in plain terms, that he was in love, and could not live without me. To this, I replied, that he need not deceive himself any longer; for that it was impossible I should ever return his affection, and that, therefore, he had better encourage it no longer. "You will see that," replied he, with a malignant grin. The manner in which he spoke these words, surprised me, as well as our having travelled so long without reaching the place of destination, and a suspicion of I scarcely knew what, entered my mind. I asked him, how far we were from Windsor? "Further than when we started," said he;—"*Deceive not yourself*, Miss Bolton, you are in my power, and it will become you to submit with a good grace to your fate: I have contrived this scheme as a reward for the contempt with which you have treated me, and shall take you to a place where you will be sole mistress, and have nothing to do but to contribute to my pleasure." To this insolent speech, I replied only with my tears: to think myself in the power of a man I detested, and that man intent on the most diabolical deeds, filled me with unutterable grief: yet I did not despair, but hoped, that should we pass any travellers, I might be able to make them hear my cries. But in this I was disappointed, for the coachman had orders to give his master notice when any one approached, and the wretch immediately drew up the blinds, and applied the cushion to my mouth, which he held so close, that I was sometimes almost suffocated. For waggoners and countrymen, however, he did think this precaution necessary. We travelled all night, he offering me no other insults than words; until this morning, when perceiving the horsemen approach, he prepared to affix the cushion to my mouth; when presently a voice was heard, ordering the coachman to stop, which he did. Randall called to him to drive on, but the other threatened to blow his brains out if he stirred. Randall seizing his pistols, leaped out, and fired. The robbers returned the salute, and the servant coming up, assisted his master. The villains would, however, undoubtedly have prevailed, had not your assistance saved us—Yes, my dear EDWARD, you delivered us from the robbers, and—(taking his hand, while tears started to her eyes)—you have saved *me* from eternal infamy!"

(To be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON POVERTY AND WEALTH.

HOW liable even is honesty to be affected by the opinion of the world; but truth, which graces its front, ought never to be abashed at any misfortunes which are considered prejudicial to dignity, in the eyes of pride, fashion, and vanity. How irksome the tattered garb of poverty sits on one who has felt the power of wealth, and proof of unacceptable friendship. That kind of imaginary friendship, which is offered daily, when there appears no chance of its hypocritical professions being accepted. How grating in general is the recital of distress to the feelings of the man who hath seen better days. What is the cause of this habitual fear? Is it not pride, that nurse of criminal passions, and canker-worm to the heart? Is it not pride that seeks concealment in the hour of adversity, and evades the friendly interrogatories and proffered support of disinterestedness. Men are ashamed mostly of their accidental condition, and envious at the prosperity of their neighbours. What makes wealth so eagerly pursued, is that the general opinion misleads us, by the belief of its acquiring always happiness. This is erroneous, and proofs positive serve to annihilate the position:

"For fairly owning, riches, in effect,
"No grace of heav'n, nor token of th' elect;
"Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
"To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil."

'Tis not within the costly palaces of the great, that contentment dwelleth. Sooner expect to see the smiling face of satisfaction within the thatched cottage of the husbandman, than to behold pleasure beaming on the countenance of the purse-proud lord. —What matter is it to Lorenzo, whether his income be one dollar, or one hundred dollars per day, if it is sufficient for his support. He seeks for happiness—

"Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

And will wealth purchase virtue?—No.—Will riches buy sense or genius?—No.—Then it is a negative benefit to society.—What is wealth?—The guarantee of independence, replies the miser.—Who is independent?—"He who died yesterday." —No more he toils to support a casual and temporary existence. No more he treads the miser's path, and adopts his arts to possess wealth—How short and transitory is human life! How vain the endeavour to encompass futurity, and heap up wealth for that day, which one may never enjoy. Even Lorenzo counted his money in the evening, and fixed upon the spot where his country-house should be erected. Scarce had two days elapsed, 'till the never-failing messenger obliged his soul to fly to its last abode. But so hard and painful to many is the gripe of poverty, that it supplants reason occasionally, and produces consequences of direful hue. The laws of custom are arbitrary: they enforce obedience, without prudential considerations; and bind firmly, without the means of retreating from ultimate danger. This, however, is a consequence resulting from having tasted the sweets of wealth, and having been allured to the paths of pleasure. The guidance of prudence is neglected, and the apostle of wealth, becomes the victim of unrestrained desire; he lolls in the lap of luxury; the action of his mind towards temperance is stopped, and the course of virtue obstructed; his faculties are impaired by licentiousness, and his health ruined by enjoyment. How often has the once youthful Ferdinand exclaimed, when gasping under the pressure of sickness, "Why was I born to be affluent? "Vain pomp and glory of riches! I hate ye."—Poverty may be said to be a necessary cure for the irregularity which wealth occasions; for a sudden change and diminution of wealth has generally produced a change favourable to virtue; the passions which were at full liberty before, to gratify their lust, become checked; the heart is opened, and every effort of sensibility awakened for that distress, which, when misfortune is at home, shews practically what are the real feelings of misery. Poverty, with all its inconveniences, has never proved so detrimental to virtue, as wealth—What was it generated pride?—Wealth. What was it created deceit and villainy?—The desire of wealth. What was it taught "the murderer's sword to kill?"—Wealth.—

"Oh wealth, ill-fated! which no act of fame,
"E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame."

And, lastly, there would be no inconvenience from poverty, if the poor only listened to the voice of conviction, and were not dazzled by the external beauties of the rich man's equipage; but weighed intellectually, whether these tinsel gewgaws could reasonably administer joy to despondency, or cure the mind of its rooted sorrow:—then would they bless Him, whose views are directed for their benefit, and whose will ought not to occasion the frown of dissatisfaction, or the sigh of discontentment.

THE FREE-THINKER.

The LEX TALIONIS *properly applied.*

[From SEWARD'S ANECDOTES.]

The Duke of Guise was married to a Princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty who, from living in the gallant court of Catharine de Medicis, was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which a handsome young man of the name of St. Magrin entertained for her. Catharine de Medicis, having on some particular day invited the principal ladies of the court to a ball and supper, at which each of them was to be served by the young noblemen of the court, who were to be dressed in the liveries of their mistresses, the Duke very anxiously entreated the Dutchess not to be present, telling her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but as the public had talked very freely about her and St. Magrin, it was much better that she should not afford fresh matter for scandal. The Dutchess pleaded for excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Dutchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed; she had however scarcely laid herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise entered the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door, and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her, in a firm and determined tone of voice:—"Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this bason of broth." The Dutchess suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her Confessor before she drank it; but in vain, and the Dutchess finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon as she had done this, he went out of the room, locking the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madam, I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear too that I have been the cause of this; judge then, madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this: take comfort, however, you have, I assure you, nothing to fear; I am willing to believe, in my turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of: but, however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with each other."

The Commentator, No. 15.

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
"Sees but a backward steward of the poor:
"This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
"The next a fountain spouting thro' his heir."
POPE.

MOST of the evil propensities of our nature, are eventually our punishment for their indulgence. This observation experience will justify; and Lysander and Altimius were examples which tended to its confirmation. The latter had began to lose credit, even with the extortionate Jewish usurers, who took advantage of the necessity which his extravagance had occasioned, and supplied him with money upon bonds, at the *moderate rate of cent per cent;* but nothing could rouse him from his lethargy to see his desperate situation, till he was engulphed in the vortex of ruin,—till some capital losses, sustained by the partnership, shook their credit, and rendered it necessary to strike the name of Altimius from the mutual concern. When Altimius admitted reflection, he found his affairs in so desperate a posture, as to preclude the probability of his ever regaining his station in society, which had hitherto rendered him an object of envy. His impetuous disposition, and his abhorrence of melancholy, instantly prompted him to escape from his cares through the friendly medium of a pistol; and he walked from his house into the city, with a determination to procure one, and enter upon "new scenes of untried being." Fortunately for the rash Altimius, before he obtained the implement of destruction, his guardian spirit threw a bailiff in his way, who had been ordered to arrest him by one of his creditors, who had acquired a knowledge of his misfortunes, and he was conveyed to the King's-Bench prison, where he was left to the tormenting reflections of having disregarded the admonitions of prudence, and continued to pursue the flowery path of folly.

Meanwhile Lysander was pursuing his studies with unremitted assiduity and perseverence; no interval of pleasurable relaxation enlivened their tediousness, but the prospect of reaping a golden harvest as the reward of his labours, was a sufficient inducement for him to continue them with steady application. His favourite system of frugality was invariably pursued, and when he shook off the shackles by which he was confined during his minority, his passion for the accumulation of riches, burned with added fury, and his steady attempts to become conspicuous in his profession, in order that he might arrive at opulence, were crowned with success. As is usual, when any despicable passion reigns uncontrolled in the breast of man, avarice conquered and absorbed every noble sentiment of Lysander. His heart never palpitated with emotion when a fellow-creature related his distresses, the offspring of misfortune, or which had been produced by the iron grasp of oppression, and his hand never bestowed the boon of charity. Consequently his ear was never regaled with prayers put up to the throne of Omnipotence, for his welfare; and he was an entire stranger to the sweet sensations which the children of benevolence enjoy. No one loved Lysander, for he possessed no amiable qualities, and he considered the acquisition of wealth, by any means, which the letter of the law did not proscribe as criminal, as perfectly consonant with every principle of equity and propriety. None therefore loved him, but many hated. At the period when the ill-starr'd Altimius was rapidly approaching the abyss of ruin into which his folly finally led him; while he was tottering on the verge of destruction, the keen eye of Lysander, ever vigilant to promote his self-interest, saw the propriety of dissolving entirely every remaining connection with him. He was fast attaining to wealth and power; his practice was extensive, and he had been appointed a judge. With defective principles, Lysander united consummate hypocrisy; his professions were mostly in direct contradiction to the genuine sentiments of his heart; and while, with fascinating, irreproachable conduct, and an unblemished character, he threw the wary off their guard, he generally took advantage of the confidence reposed in him, to increase his private fortune; at least when he could contrive it so as to escape the possibility of detection. When he heard of the misfortunes of his former friend, he felt no sensation of pity for the companion of his juvenile years, but railed at his indiscretions with severity, and drew a comparison between himself and the former, very flattering to his own self-sufficiency. Fortune, who distributes her favours with so much seeming injustice, not content with crowning Lysander's application with riches and honour in the line of his profession, added to his opulence, by conferring on him a wife with a large estate. Her disposition was perfectly congenial with his own, and, actuated by the same spirit of avarice, which was conspicuous in his every action, she took care to have the estate settled on her children. Thus employed in the ceaseless round of his professional duties, and feeling every hour renewed avidity for the increase of his wealth, already more than sufficient to gratify the desire of any person of any moderation, he endeavoured to banish from his remembrance every trace of Altimius, who remained in prison for several years, when his health yielded to the severity of his imprisonment, and he sought refuge from his sorrows in the grave. His decease was sincerely lamented by many, who had been relieved by his benevolence, and had pitied his misfortunes, without possessing the ability of liberating him from his confinement.

Lysander's ruling passion rendered him insensible to the real pleasures of life; he was too much occupied in the pursuit of the glittering phantom, to possess real happiness. He was a father, but the endearing title had no charms for his mind: insensible to the attractions of his infant son, as he beheld him approach towards maturity, he looked upon him with an invidious eye, as one who intended to deprive him of his wealth. To bestow on him a good education, would occasion a greater expence than Lysander's avarice could admit, and he suffered his son Charles, the sole heir to all his immense possessions, to reach the age of manhood, without possessing as much classical knowledge as was necessary to capacitate him for the ordinary functions of life. His parsimonious spirit restricted him while he was under his authority, from every youthful gratification; it cannot, therefore, be wondered at, that Charles had imbibed with his growing years, a rooted aversion to frugality, and would, when it came into his possession, give the public the advantage which the circulation of his father's treasure would afford, as he knew so little the value of it. The mother of Charles died while he was an infant, consequently, when he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he was totally independent of his father, for whom he did not entertain the least spark of filial affection. With extreme reluctance, Lysander gave up to Charles the fortune he was entitled to, which he perceived would be soon expended. The event verified his anticipations, altho' he lived not to see it; for no sooner had Charles become master of his fortune, than he launched into every species of exravagance, and shone forth a brilliant meteor upon the world of gaiety. About this time Lysander was detected in illicit practices in the execution of the duties of his office, for which he was tried: his good fortune seemed now to have

suddenly and entirely deserted him;—he was found guilty of venality on the clearest evidence, fined in a large sum, and deprived of his office, with the additional mortification of being rendered incapable of ever filling another. This severe and unexpected stroke of fate, which diminished his fortune very considerably, blighted his character for ever, and deprived him of the means of pursuing his favourite employment, the accumulation of riches, weighed heavy upon his fortitude. This misfortune, for which he was totally unprepared, combined with the mortification produced by the conduct of his son, which was so directly contrary to his wishes, preyed upon his constitution, which was soon undermined by a slow fever, that finally put a period to his existence, and he was obliged to appear before that tribunal, whose irrevocable decision he had so much reason to dread. Tormented by the reproaches of his conscience, for the many criminal acts of extortion of which he had been guilty, his death-bed was planted with thorns, which added new horror to the appearance of the grisly monarch—Death. His decease occasioned no sensations of sorrow in the mind of any man: he had given no one reason to deplore the event, but he had rendered it a period of rejoicing to many, who had been the objects of his oppression, or whose substance had excited his cupidity.——Had Lysander or Altimius pursued the middle path of life, content with competence, and not ambitious of superfluity, they would probably have ultimately obtained the grand desideratum—*happiness*; the object of man's continued pursuit, or, as the poet happily expresses it,

"————Our being's end and aim."

But by the gratification of their ruling propensities, they lost sight of the luminous object, and turned their backs upon it.—Such is the consequence of deviating from the path of moderation, into the extremes of Avarice and Prodigality. J.

STORY OF A PEASANT AND A PEDLAR OF SUABIA.

AN inhabitant of a village in the circle of Suabia was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal, and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.

The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. "Dearest husband!" said the distracted mother, "shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth, only to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love! Behold their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own! Run—fly to the next town,—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them!—Every moment you lose, is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps heaven may yet be touched by our miseries. You may find some good-hearted person, who may yet relieve us."

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. No one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred. A pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.

No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and, returning to the pedlar, threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. "Take back your money," said he;—"believe how much it has cost me, before I could be resolved to commit this crime. My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive,—you will pity me,—you will be my benefactor, my preserver."

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter the ruinous habitation! How moving every object! The children almost naked, lying in straw, dying with hunger, and the mother a picture of the deepest distress.

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife. "You know," he said, "with what eagerness I went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have, in luxury and idle expences. Refused by all—desperate—furious—I went into a neighbouring wood:—Can you believe it? I have dared to lay violent hands on this good man;—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you."

"Pity my poor babes!" exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the pedlar: "consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband;—I implore your compassion for these wretched infants."

The good pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. "I am your friend," said he; "take these twenty crowns,—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future."——"What!" answered the peasant, "instead of treating me as your enemy, you are so good as to be my protector?—Would you be my preserver?—Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take this money."—The pedlar insisting still, compells him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the pedlar retires with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh ye, on whom fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity? Can you henceforth behold, unmoved, the sufferings of your fellow-creatures? Fortune is inconstant. Enjoy her present favours; but forget not this important truth,—that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

MODESTY.

Modesty is not only an ornament but a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing that is hurtful.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Observer, No. 2.

"Oh, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!"
SHAKESPEARE.

. . . . . "Observe
"The rule of not too much: by *temperance* taught,
"In what thou eat'st and drink'st."
MILTON.

ONE of the most vile habits that is incident to man, is that of *intemperance*. Nothing is more commendable, especially to young persons, than sobriety and temperance, which are two of the greatest blessings that man can hope for, because they are the acquirers of health and virtue. It is said of an ancient philosopher, that, he once saw a young man going to a public feast, and immediately picked him up in his arms and carried him home, as one who was going to ruin and destruction, if he had not been brought home. If this was the idea of a philosopher, at a time when temperance and sobriety were more predominant than at present, what would he think if he was to see a table decorated in the modern style? Let a person only see the difference between the ancient Medes and Persians. The former were brought up to a life of hardships, educated in a plain and coarse manner, clear water served them for their drink, and nothing but cresses and the coarsest of victuals, without any sauce but that which their appetite gave them, were their dainties. On the other hand, the Persians were bred up to an easy life, their tables were supplied with wine, and all the luxuries that were at that time invented; by this means they became as effeminate as women, and of consequence were unable to undergo the fatigues of war, while their allies, the Medes, were of stout and robust constitutions, and perfectly calculated to carry on war, which was looked upon as part of their trade. We also find, that, in the early ages of the world, when its inhabitants lived by the chase, that by using so much exercise in obtaining their food, they were in a healthy state, and lived to a greater age, than they have since men were able to procure their victuals without the trouble of hunting.

It ought to be recommended to all young persons never to accustom themselves to the frequent use of spiritous liquors, for they will find, when it is too late, that it will be a difficult matter to refrain from it. A young man may say, that he is conscious of his own strength, and that he is certain that his weakness will not carry him into any excess; but the fact is, that no man is so much master of himself, but that he is oftentimes liable to be overcome. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Addison, two as great literary men as ever flourished, who, I have no doubt, governed themselves by philosophy, had not the entire command of themselves in every respect, for they were both much addicted to drinking. There is an anecdote mentioned by the ancient historians, concerning the great CYRUS. A Princess of extraordinary beauty had been taken prisoner in a war carried on by the Medes and Persians, whom they took great care of, to be a wife for CYRUS. CYRUS upon intimation of this, well knowing that men have not always the command of themselves, declared that he would not indulge himself with the sight of her, until the war was finished, for fear that he might be captivated by her charms and beauty to such a degree, that he would be unable to carry on the war. A young man, a favourite of CYRUS, who was distinguished for his virtue and self-command, was appointed to be her guardian. This young man, who had heretofore been entire master of himself, found that he was mistaken in his ideas, for the young Princess was so captivating, that love was irresistible, and he accordingly courted her as his own wife. Upon hearing of this, CYRUS sent for the young man, who came with reluctance into his presence, expecting every moment to be his last. But how was he surprised, in meeting with nothing but a slight reproof from CYRUS, who told him, in words nearly to this effect,—that it was not less than he expected, for he was confident that no man had the entire control of himself, so much, but that he might in some way or other, be conquered. The young man was dismissed, and pleased with the good treatment he had met with from CYRUS, he resolved for the future, never to expose himself to any dangers, in which he was to rely upon his own strength. This instance affords a proof that men, even the most virtuous, are liable oftentimes to be deceived, when they least expect it.

DIOGENES.

SELECT LESSONS OF WISDOM.

THERE are but two things that can reasonably deserve the care of a wise man; the first is the study of virtue, which makes him honest; the second is the use of life, which makes him content.

EVERY man has something good in his composition, which may be much improved by cultivation and diligence.

PRECIPITATION often ruins the best-laid designs, while patience ripens the most difficult.

CLEARNESS is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is the rule of thinking. Too bright sallies of wit, like flashes of lightning, rather dazzle than illuminate.

IT adds great weight to a man's counsel, when we see that he advises nothing but what he does, nor exacts any thing from others, from which he himself desires to be excused.

WE scarce ever find deserters from their principles to be in estimation even with those to whom they revolt, especially when the probabilities of emolument or superior rank accompany their defections; nor is it in the power of any human authority to preserve such men from the reproach and infamy they merit.

PROCRASTINATION in well-grounded love, as well as in other affairs of life, is generally imprudent, and often ends in loss, disappointment and repentance.

THE reverse of solitude is not a multitude of people, but the society we love.

GIVE liberty of conscience to all men, said the amiable FENELON; not, as if all opinions are alike indifferent, but that it is our duty patiently to permit that which GOD permits, and to lead men from the deviations of error, by the sweet and gentle powers of persuasion.

THE goodness of the heart may be unaffected by the falsity of our opinions. Humanity has triumphed in minds that avowed the most erroneous notions, in the darkest times, and under the heaviest pressure of prejudices. When the infamous Catharine de Medicis had persuaded Charles the IXth of France to massacre all the Protestants of the kingdom, that detestable Prince sent orders to the governors of the different provinces to put all the Huguenots to death in their respective districts:—"Sire," said one Catholic Governor, who will be ever dear to humanity, "I have too much respect for your majesty not to persuade myself that the orders I have received must be forged; but if, which GOD forbid, it is really your majesty's order, I have too much respect for your majesty to obey it."

WOMEN COMPARED TO BOOKS.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft-times they great errata see;
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplac'd, at least a line awry:
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her every year.

AN EXPLANATION, BY G. S.

Of the Poetry, given in ciphers in the last number.

" The helpless crawling caterpillar trace,
From the first period of his reptile race:
Cloth'd in dishonour, on the leafy spray,
Unseen, he wears his silent hours away;
Till satiate grown of all that life supplies,
Self-taught the voluntary martyr dies.
Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,
And to the tomb a willing guest descends,
There, long secluded in his lonely cell,
Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.
O'er the wide waste the wint'ry tempests reign,
And driving snows usurp the frozen plain:
In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows,
No storms can violate his grave's repose.
But when revolving months have won their way, (phyrs play,
When smile the woods, and when the ze-
When laughs the vivid world in summer's bloom, (tomb:
He bursts, and flies triumphant from the
And while his new-born beauties he displays,
With conscious joy his alter'd form surveys,
Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,
O'er his soft wings the varying lustre gleam.
Launch'd into air, on purple wings he soars; (plores;
Gay nature's face with wanton glance ex-
Proud of his various beauties, wings his way;
And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they. (vain,
And deems weak man the future promise
When worms can die, and glorious rise again?

[The following original lines in ciphers, by the same gentleman who deciphered the above, will be found more difficult to explain, than either of the pieces that have yet appeared in the Repository. This gentleman is a native of Pennsylvania; he has studied this science (if it may be so termed) both in Europe and America, and is completely master of all the keys for understanding it.]

RrcHJ ild rasteccid seg nirz csoktssh'ig es ksebz,
Gsifxez pzogckg ald wkezgg'ye ild nresg fisthza;
Es nez hstck-tren stify lestf-vckisgr'y sif nirz gnessbz,
Cleiz ei razkok stify yezstanr nich grosthze.
Yezsz zestlzig nirz jstfay'sezs fichj es szegn;
gon es lesxnch-ssechckge schigz,
os grstekk rez, stbenzs kstewchsge,
nastgnez
Ste rasteccid, ild gjezzn ald szacchgez.
Mesfy es stfetzkeg tuckstsy nirz nchehw is ner xstesz,
Rsig tsostlz seg richkd es tsichckfey;
Nirz yckegn szles-t'ye, nich wkasgg jeskka wazsts,
Ild wkozgn wis rsig gastles-checks yazstse. G. S.

CHARACTER OF LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI. was of a mild, humane disposition, and had a sincere desire to promote the happiness of his people. Those who accosted him unexpectedly found him sometimes blunt and austere. He was a good husband, a tender father, and an excellent master; but, in general, he was more esteemed than beloved in his court. Louis XVI. possessed knowledge, and was fond of reading. With a great deal of good sense, he was observed, on certain important occasions, to be timid and irresolute. If he had that courage which arises from reflection, he wanted that intrepid courage which pleases the French. In him ended the third dynasty of the kings of France, and with him the monarchy, the origin of which can be traced back to 481, and which has consequently lasted about 11 centuries. He was beheaded on the 21st of January, 1793, aged 38 years, having reigned 18.

THE MISTAKE.

A Gentleman that had for some time paid his addresses to a young lady, having occasion to go into the country, called at her house to take his leave, but was surprised to hear that Miss was not up, and accordingly told the maid, that he was sorry her young mistress indulged herself so much in the arms of Morpheus. The maid said she might forget Mr. Morpheus's name, and therefore hoped he would be kind enough to write down the message. He, agreeably to the girl's request, wrote the message down, which she faithfully gave to her mistress. The young lady, on reading the note, turned pale, calling her lover cruel, jealous man, to suspect that she had an intrigue with any person, and much more with Mr. Morpheus, a man she never saw nor heard of in her life. The moment breakfast was over, she posted to a female confidante, and shewed her the note, declaring that for such an ungenerous suspicion, she was determined never more to speak to her lover again. Her friend being better read, explained the matter, telling her that Morpheus was the god of sleep, and all that her lover meant, was to chide her for slumbering so long. Miss saw her error, blushed for her ignorance, and the next meeting things were amicably settled.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 18, 1801.

☞ The Fourth of July, (inst.) is stated in most of the papers throughout the United States, to be the *twenty-sixth anniversary* of American Independence. This is not correct. The Declaration of Independence was passed on the 4th of July, 1776; and of course the *first anniversary* could not take place till the same day of the month in 1777, and counting regularly from that period, the present year will be found to be only the *twenty-fifth anniversary* of that ever-memorable epoch. Ed.

. . . . . Happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite; and, in one fate,
Their loves, their fortune, and their beings blend!
THOMSON'S SEAS.

MARRIED.....In the Northern Liberties.....On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Joseph Thatcher, to Miss Sarah Bollen.....On the 15th, by Mr. Cornelius Faulkner, esq. Mr. George Harley, coppersmith, to Mrs. Margaret Laskey.

.....At New-York....On the 11th, Mr. M. M. Van Gilson, merchant, to Miss Catharine Morrell, daughter of Mr. Abram Morrel, deceased, of Elizabeth Town..... On the same evening, Mr. Jacob Bradford, merchant, to Miss Eliza Dunscomb.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
We rise, we break, and to that sea return. POPE.

DIED.....At his house in Delaware County, on the 14th inst. Mr. John Cunningham.

.....At Providence, on the 9th, Mrs. Mary Howell, the consort of David Howell, esq. New-Port, [R. I.]

.....At Newark, on the 1st, Miss Ann Barclay, late of New-York, in the 21st year of her age.

.....At New-York, on the 11th, and on Sunday evening was interred with masonic honours, J. J. Vandenbroeck, esq. a native of Holland, late Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of that State.

.....At Albany, on the 29th ult. in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Christian Livingston, widow of the late Philip Livingston, esq. of New-York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *second part* of "*Dormouse; or, The Transmutation,*" is suppressed, by particular desire of the author.

"*C. K.'s*" sonnet will appear next week.

We would advise "*Colvin Reawood,*" to send his advertisement (post paid) to the editor of the Dublin Magazine.

"*The Observer, No. 5, 6, & 7.*" are received.

The author of "*Albert, a Tale,*" is informed, in answer to his request, that as soon as the whole of the copy is forwarded, its publication will be commenced. This was hinted before in the 19th number.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

[The following sympathetic Ballad of "ALLEN BROOKE OF WINDERMERE," is from a correspondent, whose communications, both original and selected, we have frequently had the pleasure of acknowledging.—The answer is from his own pen, in which the reader will perceive the spirit of the original happily pursued.]

ALLEN BROOKE OF WINDERMERE.

SAY, have you in the valley seen
A gentle youth of pensive mein?
And have you mark'd his pallid cheek,
That does his secret sorrow speak?
Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear,—
'Tis ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE.

But, ah! the cause that prompts his sigh,
That dims with tears his sparkling eye,
That bids his youthful cheek turn pale,
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail;
That cause from me you must not hear,
Ask ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE.

Yet needless were his words to prove,
This sorrow springs from hopeless love;
Go to the youth,—of JESSY speak,
Then mark the crimson on his cheek;
That blush will make the secret clear,
Of ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE.

And oh! believe his JESSY's breast,
Is still with answ'ring cares oppress'd;
But know, a Father's stern command,
With-holds from him my willing hand:
All but a Father's frown I'd bear,
For ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE.

Then, gentle stranger, seek the youth,
And tell him of his JESSY's truth;
Say that you saw my alter'd cheek
My faithful bosom's anguish speak;
Say that 'till death I'll hold most dear
My ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE.

THE ANSWER.

I MET the youth in sorrow clad,
His visage pale,—his looks were sad;
I ask'd the cause, he feign'd a smile,
While tears his sorrow did beguile:
I ask'd his name, the youth drew nigh,
And answer'd, with a pensive sigh,
My name I must not now declare,
Ask JESSY S—— of WINDERMERE.

I said, good friend, pray let me know
The cause that fills your heart with woe?
The youth repli'd, 'tis all in vain,
My JESSY I shall ne'er obtain;
Her cruel Father's flinty heart
Hath caus'd me from my JESSY part!
A lonesome wand'rer I will be,
Till Death's kind hand shall set me free.

I strove to ease his troubled heart,
When JESSY's truth I did impart;
Told him "that JESSY's faithful breast
"Was still with answ'ring cares oppress'd;
"That I had seen your alter'd check
"Your faithful bosom's anguish speak:
"And that 'till death you'd hold most dear
"Your ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE."

The youth, with tender look, repli'd,
JESSY I know would be my bride;
But oh! the cruel Father's frown,
Would weigh my tender JESSY down!
Then ALLEN heav'd another sigh,
And looking round—behold hard by,
A pond!—(o'er which two willows weep)
Where ALLEN plung'd into the deep!!!

His corse next day was taken thence,
The crowd attending was immense;
Who mingled sorrows most sincere,
For ALLEN BROOKE of WINDERMERE:
But when the dismal tale was told,
The conscious Father's blood ran cold!
And tott'ring to his house he hi'd,—
Nor sooner reach'd it than he di'd!

But oh! the pangs! who can relate,
That fell to lovely JESSY's fate?
Two strokes like this so shook her mind,
That JESSY needs must be confin'd!
A dreary prison now must save,
JESSY, from an untimely grave!
Ah! cruel Fathers, read this tale,
Nor let your av'rice still prevail. R. W.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

VERSES,

Written on the Death of a Young Lady.

AH! how shall I support the grief,
That preys upon my heart?
Where shall I seek, where find relief,
From sorrow's keenest smart?

Grief in my heart triumphant holds
Her melancholy reign,
Too faithful mem'ry scenes unfolds,
Which add fresh pangs to pain.

The purling brook, the shady grove,
The rocks o'ergrown with moss,
And every scene in which I move,
Reminds me of my loss.

Oft I bend o'er the sacred earth,
Where lies all I hold dear;
And then the rising sigh bursts forth,
And oft the silent tear.

Alas! can I restrain the tears,
Which flow fast from mine eyes;
For Death has seiz'd all I held dear,
And in the grave she lies.

In vain was tri'd each human art,
Her valu'd life to save;
But art could no relief impart,—
She found an early grave.

Thus fell in youth, and beauty's bloom,
The lovely, virtuous fair:
But tho' her corse lies in the tomb,
Remembrance paints her here.

The fairest flow'rs that deck the glade,
I'll plant around her tomb;
The fairest trees shall form a shade,
To grace the hallow'd dome.

And when at last my eyes shall close,
Then place me by her side;
There to enjoy a long repose;—
Death shall us not divide.

ABEL RIHLARMAN.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

EXPECTATION.

IN THE STYLE OF C. MELMOTH.

EXPECTATION's pleasing transports,
O'er my soul their powers dispense;
Tender tumults touch my bosom,
Waking ev'ry genial sense.

Thought is overcharg'd with fondness,
Dear ideas all combine,
When I view the charming EMMA,
Love and angel-sweetness' mine.

Tho' obdurate time divide us,
Far as are the distant poles,
Yet do love and friendship join us,
Kindred and cemented souls.

Soon the intervening causes,
Of our absence shall remove,
Soon will more than usual transport,
Give us more than usual love.

Haste the time—roll on ye seasons,
Ripen coming happiness;
Ope your stores of choicest treasures,
Wrap us in extatic bliss—!!!

EUGENIUS.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN THE 34th NUMBER.

As POVERTY is understood
To be to man a wholesome good,
And that great actions do proceed,
From the extremity of need,
Why should we grumble at our fate,
Since every day we're growing great?
And all our enemies must own,
In this respect they're quite outdone.

A.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

SOME go to Church just for a walk,
And some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a lover;
Some the impulse oft discover;
Some go there to meet a friend
Some go there their time to spe
Some go to learn their parson's
Some go there to wound his fame;
Many go there to dose and nod,—
But few go there to worship GOD.